

THE SILENT WORLD.

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No. 3.

HEART SUNSHINE.

LET Sorrow haunt us if she will,
Each honest heart, with sunshine blest,
Can chant a hymn whose strains shall thrill
To concord each void, drooping breast!
The Present then will "courage" sing,
The Past can yield us no annoy;
The Future heals each poison'd sting,
And breathes content, and hints at joy!
Heart sunshine bright! Thou know'st no night!
Thou'rt free and priceless, wide and high!
To feel thy warmth, bask in thy light,
Each bosom pants, each tongue doth sigh!
Each martyr's cell, each palace proud,
Glad greets the beams thine orb doth bring;
Thy glow dissolves each low'ring cloud,
Which o'er our path would horrors fling!
'Tis mine, 'tis thine! then ne'er repine,
'Tis worth thine eager patient quest;
Tho' charter'd straight to realms divine,
It blooms on earth a smiling guest!
Its fruits Love, Hope and Peace confess,
Proclaim where each grac'd ray doth fall,
To bless each board, and bless with zest,
Each prince and peasant, hut and hall.

—A. L. Biggs, (deaf from boyhood) in *The Magazine for the Deaf and Dumb*.

AMOS KENDALL.

XI.

AN INDIAN SHAM-FIGHT.

DURING the war of 1812 Mr. Kendall was greatly interested in the military preparations, and on one occasion formed one of a party of Indians in a sham-fight, which came off at a militia muster. This was his only military achievement and is described in his journal in the following words:

"Arrived on the parade, three miles from Groton, about twelve o'clock. Only from twenty to thirty Indians collected. We went into the woods, made a fire, dressed, painted, and prepared for war. We were soon disturbed by unruly boys, who were fired upon and chased, when they began to throw stones into our encampment. We were holding a council, and sent a white man to tell them to desist, or the Indians would load with balls, and we were no more disturbed. An embassy, consisting of two chiefs and an attendant, was sent to the white men. While they were gone, a party, of which I was leader, reconnoitered the whole army of white men, and returned undiscovered, after having travelled nearly two miles.

"Our chiefs now returned, and announced war. We were directed to leave our encampment, and ambush a road about half a mile distant, where we were to act with a retreating party of whites, and fall upon the flanks and rear of their pursuers. Here we were again disturbed by boys,—left our coverts, made four or five prisoners, tied one of them to a tree, and the rest disappeared.

"We had strict orders not to fire until friends and foes had completely passed us. A company of old men, with the dress and arms of '75, appeared marching along the road through the Indian ambuscade. They wheeled, and had almost repassed us, when some one fired. The firing became general, until some one cried out 'Friends!' when it ceased. We afterwards discovered that they were really enemies.

"The contending parties of whites now approached, and passed part way through the ambuscade, when the enemy began to retreat. The war-whoop was given, and we sprang for the rear, now front, of the retreating. I was about eight rods ahead of my comrades, and met a squad who had left the road, contrary to the order of the fight, and come into the woods to fight the Indians. I fired, and they fired; I ran, and seven or eight of them ran after me. Meeting several of my brothers, we turned upon them and had a smart skirmish, which ended in the defeat of the white men, with the loss of four or five taken prisoners. Two of them I helped take, and had my right hand slightly wounded by a bayonet.

"I now set out to gain the front of the retreating party. I was again prevented by the '75's, who pursued me a short distance and desisted. I now crossed over to the right flank, where most of my brothers were: was chased by a number of white men of our own party, escaped, flanked the enemy, fired several rounds and returned to the left. Soon came upon the flank of the enemy, shot one who had left the ranks to make water, and, being alone, retreated. Found an enemy behind the fence making cartridges, fired upon him, and, another Indian coming up, made him prisoner. At last, with several of my brothers, I gained the front of the enemy, and like a true Indian was attracted by the sight of a neighboring booth filled with all manner of good things, got as much *occupee* (rum) as I could drink *gratis*, and on returning with increased *spirit* found the enemy had surrendered. Joined heartily in a war-dance with my brothers, who were ordered to form with the battalion. This done, we gave a war-whoop and dance to Colonel Hastings, who commanded our friends, fired several rounds, were marched in front of the tavern, fired again, and were dismissed. Retired to our camp, agreed to go home in Indian dress, and returned to the tavern. I was here standing, with my clothes in my left hand tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, in company with two others, when a soldier passed us, turned, and fired. My bundle dropped from my hand on fire, and my hand was covered with blood. There was a charge in my gun, and I was on the point of discharging it at his head, but a whisper of prudence forbade me. I followed the soldier, whom I recognized, showed my hand, told him that I had a charge in my gun which I could put into his face, but that I should speak to him another day. I went into the house, washed my hand, found it well peppered, gave my beads to a nymph I do not know, took a merry supper with six of my companions, and returned to Groton. I fired at the door, gave the war-whoop, and entered Mr. Richardson's house tomahawk in hand. The little girls screamed: the older people laughed. *Thus ends my bulletin.*"

At some points the *sham*-fight was a real battle. The soldiers could not apparently have been more vindictive if they had been fighting real Indians. Many of them left their ranks and went into the woods to fight the Indians, in violation of the order of battle. Without scruple, they fired their powder into the arms and faces of the red men, and in some instances attempted to use their bayonets. There were not half a dozen of the Indians who were not more or less hurt, though none of them seriously; but they contented themselves with capturing and disarming their disorderly adversaries, and in the course of the fight took probably more than a dozen prisoners by main force.

On the 21st Mr. Kendall wrote:—

"My hand has suppurated considerably, and the latter part of the night was very painful. This afternoon attempted to pick out the powder with a needle, grew faint, attempted to go to the house, got as far as Wheeler's store, growing fainter, stopped there, and had barely reached a chair when I fainted quite away. I was brought to life by the exertions of those present. When half alive, seeing a drunken man present, I could not help bidding them give the smelling-bottle to him, as he too seemed fainting.

"This made me weak and stupid the rest of the day, and though attempts were made by others to take out the powder, I grew faint again and could not endure it."

Most of it came off, however, with the lacerated skin; but his left hand never entirely lost the marks of that day's sport. The soldier who had done the mischief voluntarily called, apologized, paid damages, and was forgiven.

"SHALL SIGNS BE DISCARDED?"

MR. RANALD DOUGLAS, in his article on the above question, made some unfair, if not injudicious remarks, and as a response, I quote the following, which contain sentiments verified by long years of experience in the education of deaf-mutes, from an article by Mr. G. O. Fay, of Ohio.

"Why use pantomime? Or rather, why not use pantomime? What else can the teacher use in earlier stages of the course? And at every stage explanations will occasionally be needed, where nothing can be substituted for it. It is the natural language of every deaf person, whether born so, or made so subsequently. Amid influence favoring development and use of pantomime, and uncounteracted, it will surely come, and the speech previously possessed will gradually disappear. This powerful proclivity of the deaf to pantomime is not always allowed its due weight. Because a mute boy, upon entering school, has but a few uncouth motions, it is sometimes said that he learns his signs at school, which is largely true, and the wonder is expressed, why so much pains has been taken to teach what has so little value compared with the English language itself, and sometimes it is even suggested that the instructor has been delinquent in allowing the mental ground of the pupils to be so pre-occupied. But the fact is the teacher can not exclude signs from use, if he would. The language is the outgrowth of the mute's social instincts, and it is as natural to him as oral speech is to the hearing.

The mind of a deaf person craves a language addressed to a living sense. Any other language is to him an artificial one in the most real sense of the term. This natural tendency of the mute to the use of pantomime, and his actual use of it upon every conceivable subject, affords to the instructor an exact and rapid method of communicating with his pupils, if he chooses to use it. However well educated the pupils may come to be in subsequent years, the time will never arrive in his history, when he will not prefer it in conversation, if his companion is equally skillful in its use. Supplemented by manual spelling for technical expressions, it is fully equal to all the necessities of the school-room, the lecture-room, and the pulpit. By using it, the teacher, the first morning of the school, may communicate ideas, and offer illustrations which could not be introduced by the form of oral or written language for years thereafter. However slow the pupils may be to remember his written or printed lesson, he forgets no pantomime. The teacher, however, knows that potent and sufficient as pantomime really is as an educating influence and as a vehicle of ideas, yet the pupil must eventually come to the correct and free use of the ordinary forms of expression, if he is to be, in any substantial sense, restored to society, and to have for himself the full benefit of books and

newspapers."

It is "a scaffolding, employed by the safe builder, until the main structure—language—is completed, and then laid aside." But the mute will always "return to it, with the affection felt by every person for his own vernacular tongue;" while living constantly with hearing persons and mingling in their society, his language easily assumes their style and is in no wise impaired by its former association with signs. The thought or idea must be clearly conceived before it can be correctly expressed in writing. That is the main thing, and it can only be accomplished through pantomime. The use of signs never should be discarded, but using them excessively rightly deserves censure. Had Mr. Ranald Douglas lived fifty years ago, we think his opinion of the "art of teaching deaf-mutes to-day" would meet with better appreciation.

It is not singular that a hearing child should readily learn words or sentences, because they are his natural language. But the case would be quite different were we to undertake to teach him the sign language, and the same is true with mutes in learning written language.

OHIO.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

FROM NEW YORK.

At a meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association, on Thursday evening, January 8th, the official figures of the Festival were given as follows:

Total Receipts.....	\$142.39
Total Expenses.....	140.39

Balance..... \$2.00

These figures, it will be seen, differ greatly from those given in my letter of December 11th, 1873. The reason is this: A large number of persons who had purchased tickets, did not go, and some gave more than the actual cost of a ticket. Of course these facts could not be known to every one. Those who had the management of the affair ought to have known. But it seems they knew very little, for no questioning could gather the information. It is rather late to give the correction, but the figures were kept back till Jan. 8th, and it was then too late to give them to the readers of THE SILENT WORLD in the number for the 15th.

In the course of the evening Mr. Coffin thoughtlessly remarked that "the minds of mutes were different from those of hearing persons." Mr. Johnson, of the New York Institution, who was present, did not think so, and gave his reasons very clearly. He compared the mind of mutes to a large warehouse having but one door, and the mind of hearing persons to a similar warehouse having several doors. Both warehouses could contain the same amount of merchandise, but the former having but one door could only be filled slowly; while the latter having several could be filled quite rapidly. Other and similarly clear illustrations he gave and was frequently interrupted by applause which plainly showed that the members held similar opinions.

The Manhattan Literary association has now, in the Bank, in bills receivable, and in proceeds from the Festival, \$477.96. The members of the Association talk of procuring a room and forming a library. This is all very well, but before they do so a little discipline among the members would be a great help to the success of the project.

Did the officers understand clearly what is required of them and perform their duty conscientiously, the Association would soon become a model one. But as it is some of the officers do not seem to understand what they ought to do, or if they do understand they do not do their duty.

EUREKA.

January 20th, 1874.

"PITY THE DEAF!"

COULD there have been anything more incongruous, more unsuitable than this petition attached to the pack of a great, strapping fellow whose eyes twinkled good humor, and whose whole appearance indicated good living and perfect satisfaction with life, although he carried a pedlar's pack. What did he carry the placard for? That was the question which involuntarily sprang to the lips of all in the quiet village where he made his appearance. It was hard to pity one to whom life was evidently so full of the possibilities of honest labor, and the enjoyments springing therefrom. Imagine a jolly-looking, hearty, broad-shouldered man asking for pity! Is it any wonder that he was made the subject of ridicule and many sarcastic remarks? Is it any wonder that from the influence of these roving beggars, the deaf as a class, are deprived of the respect to which the honest endeavors of many to build up a reputation for thrift, honesty and intelligence entitle them.

To the proud and sensitive mute it is a galling thought that he is an object of pity. He is tired of that, of being a cipher. He is tired of sitting apart in coldness and silence, having his self-respect wounded, and his right to equality trampled upon. The pity which he deprecates may even sometimes be tender, Christ-like pity, but he never forgets that in past ages it has been pity for a creature supposed to be cursed of God, and who was denied all rights based on the power to think and reason.

With the Spanish monk of the fifteenth century, De l' Epee, Braidwood, Sicard and Heinicke in the old world, and Gallaudet and Clerc in the New, came the emancipation of the deaf. Still in some minds there are the remains of old ideas and old prejudices, and among deaf-mutes a number of individuals may be found with so little self-respect and regard for the feelings of others that they do not hesitate to appeal to the sympathies of those who still regard the mute as a person so unfortunate as to demand their charity. The latter are a contemptible class, of whom much has been written, and the sentiments expressed in this incident, which came under the knowledge of the writer, doubtless express the public mind upon the subject of deaf-mute vagrancy. Later discoveries having revealed the fact that the man who wrote "Pity the Deaf" on his pack to secure trade, was in less need of aid than many who patronized him, it gives rise to the thought of how slender a hold the deaf will have upon the sympathies of the public if they resort to such deception which will surely, eventually be discovered.

LAURA

COB WEBS.

To a foreigner, just beginning to learn our language, this word would appear to mean a web made of cobs. But we know very well that is far from the truth; the word *cob* in the Anglo-Saxon or Old English language is *cop* or *copp*, and sometimes means a spider.

Well, although the light, filmy fabrics made by spiders and called cobwebs, are objects of horror to neat housekeepers, they will amply repay any one who has the curiosity to examine them minutely. By the aid of the microscope we discover that the web is composed of myriads of fine threads, "as numberless as the sands on the sea-shore." A single spider's thread is invisible to the naked eye. It is only when several thousands are twisted together that they become visible. The microscope reveals the fact that one of the so-called threads is composed of at least four thousand smaller threads united into one. If we examine the spinneret of a spider, it will at once be seen that the threads issue from four small sieve-like openings, each of which is subdivided into a thousand smaller pores. In the bag the thread is a viscid fluid that hardens immediately on exposure to the air.

There are two varieties of thread. The first is smooth and strong, and is intended mainly as the support of the web. The other is viscid and sticky. With a magnifying power of about 300 diameters the viscid lines of a garden spider's web appear to be like fine threads with small glass-beads strung on them at regular intervals. These beads are the traps that ensnare the heedless feet of the unlucky insect when it plunges into the web. It has been proved that these globules partake of the nature of an oily fluid, for they have been kept for a long time and still retained their gummy property. Nor does heat affect them, unless raised to so high a temperature as to cause disorganization.

Cobwebs serve various purposes in spider economy. The bloated old spider depends upon them almost solely for his daily bread, while the smaller and less contented spiders, who, like little children, are ever longing to fly and do other unheard of things, use them as balloons. A little gossamer spider will mount the highest point he can attain, shoot two or three feet of thread into the air, and then loosening his hold, go sailing off, rising higher and higher till he vanishes. What would not a boy give to possess the same power of locomotion?

F. R. G.

A LAZY BOY'S DREAM.

A boy, who did not like to work, while feeding some pigs with their usual dirty food, looked longingly at them, and thought: "They can be lazy and gluttonous, and can lie and bask in the sun and roll in the mud as much as they wish. Nobody makes them work, and do chores. Oh, I wish I was a pig!"

That night in his sleep this boy dreamed that he arose, and going to the pig-pen, got in and slept and played with the pigs. He learned to feed with them; and when any of them grunted and scratched itself against a post, he grunted and scratched himself too, and thought it good fun to go round rooting up the earth with his snout like the pigs. A snout, ears, legs, and tail, like those of a pig, took the place of his own nose, ears and limbs.

By and by the master and his hired men came to the pen to see if the pigs had become fat enough to kill. They thought the boy the fattest of all. His intelligence and smartness had nearly left him, and he hardly knew them; but he understood what they said about killing him and he was very much frightened. Then he found he had become a pig like the rest, and, to his surprise, he did not know what to do. He began to feel very bad, for he could not become the boy he was before. After a good deal of grunting and rooting around, he thought that he would jump out of the pen in the night and run away. But he found that, though it was easy enough for a boy to do it, a pig could no more jump over the pen than he could jump over the moon.

At last the master and men, having ground their knives, came to the pen to catch and kill him. When he saw them coming, he was so frightened that he struggled violently to get out of the pen, and in jumping, fell to the ground and awoke.

When he got up the next morning, he thought of his dream and was very thankful that he was not a pig; and, remembering his wish the night before, resolved never to be lazy and envious again.

We should learn from this to be contented and industrious, and not imagine that it is the greatest happiness to be lazy and have nothing to do.

J. J. M.

On the 10th of January, in Chicago, while George Rebmann, aged fifty, a saloon keeper, was attempting to frighten Nicholas Klass, a deaf-mute, by pointing a pistol at him, the weapon exploded and the ball entered Klass' head, causing death the next day. On seeing what he had done Rebman plunged into the river, but was rescued, and is now stark mad.

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WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1874.

THE Rev. Mr. Smith, chaplain and secretary of the London Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, acknowledges contributions for a "poor man who is deaf and dumb, nearly blind, has a wooden leg, and has been deprived of half his left hand." This concentration of misfortune may appear amusing at the first glance; but the thought occurs to us that we deaf-mutes can see in this a reason why we should be cheerful and unrepining.

THE gracious character of England's Queen may be judged from the fact that she has recently consented to become patron of the London "Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb." This is an association which provides thirteen religious services weekly in various parts of London and suburbs, besides Bible classes, lectures, &c. It has for thirty years obtained employment for the deaf and dumb, assisted them in sickness and distress, and educated those too old for the London school.

THE *Cincinnati Enquirer* has an account of an attempt of an unprincipled man, named N. E. Adams, to seduce a young deaf-mute girl whom he met on the train from Indianapolis and induced to accompany him to Cincinnati. His designs were foiled by the conductor of the train who had taken note of the girl's deafness when he first called for her ticket, and felt enough interested to resolve to see her safely to her destination. He followed the couple to a hotel and there exposed the man; who was allowed to depart on paying the girl's expenses. This incident may serve as a warning to friends who allow unsophisticated deaf-mute girls to travel on the cars alone.

THE price of the English *Magazine for the Deaf and Dumb* we notice by the January number, has been doubled, being now 2d, which makes its yearly subscription about fifty cents in our money. The editor says that the average sale of the magazine amounted to over 2000 per month last year, which is a larger circulation than any American periodical for the deaf and dumb has ever attained. This is doubtless owing partly to its cheapness, and partly to its charitable character. All classes of persons are solicited to subscribe to it as a charity; yet, the editor says that the receipts last year were not enough to cover the expenses, hence the advance in the price. A large number of last year's subscribers have not renewed for this year. The number for January is quite interesting, containing, among other articles, the address of Mr. J. R. Burnet to the New York Convention of Deaf-mutes of last summer. It is illustrated by a picture of the Prince of Wales, drawn and engraved by a deaf-mute named G. E. Andrews. This picture is well executed and shows talent and skill in the hand that traced it. The picture is published as a sort of thank-offering to His Royal Highness for assisting in laying the first stone of Saint Saviour's Church, which is devoted to the deaf and dumb, and for contributing £105 to the building fund.

INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana, is the scene of the successful labors of a queerly constituted business firm. It consists of a one-eyed peanut vender, lame in one leg, with two deaf and dumb men for *silent* partners. The relations of the members of the firm are of the most confidential nature; the head partner always has a *single* eye to business and gives his whole attention to the performance of his duties, while his associates wisely devote themselves to their parts without any grumbling.

WE understand that a national convention of the teachers of the deaf and dumb, who teach articulation by Professor A. Graham Bell's system of "Visible Speech," was held in Worcester, Mass., on the 24th of January. *The Boston Post* anticipating the event says: "A large number of instructors have signified their intention of being present, and the meeting promises to be a very interesting one. Plans for the advancement of the system will be discussed, and means taken for the establishment of a periodical devoted to the interests of visible speech." We have not received any report of the proceedings.

THE Siamese twins are dead. Chang was paralyzed last Fall and ever since he had been very fretful. For the last few days he was quite feeble, confining both to their bed, and dying suddenly about 4 o'clock, on the 17th of January. As soon as it was discovered that he was dead, Eng was so shocked that he raved wildly and then sunk into a deadly stupor. About two hours from the death of Chang, Eng died also. They were the offspring of a Siamese woman who had, in all, seventeen children, giving birth to two at a time, except on one occasion when she bore three. None of the other children were in any way deformed. Chang and Eng married two twin sisters, and have lived for many years on their plantation in Surry County, North Carolina. One had five children and the other six, and four of these are deaf and dumb, two of which have been educated in the institution at Raleigh, N. C., where they were considered among the brightest pupils in the school. All attempts to cut the band of flesh which joined the twins failed, because a large artery passed through it; and it has long been thought that when one died the other could not live long thereafter. They were fifty-four years old at their death.

PERSONAL.

MR. W. E. NORTHROP, a graduate of the Michigan Institution, is now in Monroe in that State learning the printer's trade.

MR. J. J. BORDEN is a graduate of the New York Institution, not of the Michigan Institution, as we stated recently. He and Mr. Innis are prosperous tailors of Jackson, Michigan.

WILLIAM A. BOND, a very intelligent semi-mute graduate of the New York Institution, is a ball and party reporter on *The Brooklyn Daily Times*. Mr. Thomas I. Godfrey, of the same institution, is a compositor in the office of the same paper.

MR. J. T. TILLINGHAST, of the American Asylum, is now an enterprising insurance agent in New Bedford, Mass.—a proof that a deaf-mute can successfully engage in general business.

MR. JAMES S. MEACHAM, of Guildhall, Vermont, has entire charge of his father's farm, as his father is unwell, and he is consequently very busy; but his industry has overcome all obstacles so far.

MR. G. F. CUTTER, of the Deaf-Mute College, who has been obliged to suspend his studies for a time on account of sore eyes, is now employed at the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., to help Mr. Crossett take care of the boys out of school hours. He is very popular there and his friends are glad to see him.

Mr. JAMES H. PURVIS, at one time, a member of the Preparatory Class in the Deaf-Mute College, is at present in Memphis, Tennessee, doing quite a thriving business as agent for several firms in New York, Philadelphia, Portland, Cincinnati, and elsewhere. Fears of the yellow fever do not haunt him.

Mr. W. J. COPELAND, a graduate of the South Carolina Institution, who has been a deputy clerk under the State government, is now at work on the plantation of Mr. J. F. Wright, an uncle of Mr. J. R. Jennings, from the same institution. He is a Granger and a Good Templar; and Mr. Jennings wishes to know if there are any other deaf-mute Grangers in the country.

A FEW days ago a patrolman arrested a deaf and dumb man, whose name is unknown, for attempting to break into a canal-boat, as was supposed with intent to steal. He was taken before the justice, who sent him to the poor-house for four months as a vagrant. The enterprising mute, however, made his escape, and was next day arrested on suspicion of being concerned in a case of grand larceny which recently occurred at Syracuse. He was locked up to await further developments.—*Tribune*.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN P. JAMS, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, are pleasant people, and they have a pleasant home. Mr. J. is a skillful wood-carver, and devotes most of his leisure to the making of various useful, and ornamental articles, such as picture-frames, brackets, match-boxes, &c. Among the articles of which he himself has designed the patterns, is a beautiful clock. Even the face is carved. As a whole it is an hourly proof that its maker is an industrious genius.

A SURPRISE party, with a good string band, called on Colonel Smithson, of Port Deposit, Maryland, father of William Smithson, a graduate of the American Asylum, Monday night, the 12th of January, and to their great surprise he was well prepared for them, (a little bird having revealed to him the conspiracy). A table handsomely set off with all the luxuries of the season, with an immense turkey to cap it off greeted them. After supper, the music struck up and the merry dance was indulged in until the "wee sma' hours of morning," when all returned home much pleased with the surprise. The turkey weighed 28½ pounds.

COLLEGE RECORD.

SOME TABLEAUX.

ON the evening of the 10th of January the inmates of the Institution and their friends were treated to a truly artistic entertainment. The management of the affair was entirely in the hands of Miss Pratt, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Fay and Miss Gordon, not a man being allowed to have anything to do with it, while the characters were represented by the pupils of the Primary Department. It hardly needs our humble commendation to assure our friends that the tableaux were admirably conceived and successfully carried out. The actors had been well trained and performed their parts with precision and effect.

The "Apple Paring" was presented by Misses McCormick, Preston, McDonald, Bevan and Sardo, and Masters Wagner, Stephens, and Humphrey, and Mr. Easterday. It was a genuine farm-house scene and recalled the New England homes of many who were present.

Of the scenes from "Mother Goose" the "Little Bachelor" was well rendered by Master Barnes, whose little wife, May Barnes, had the sympathies of the spectators, when her careless "hubby" tipped her out of the wheelbarrow in which he was bringing her home.

The "Artist's Studio" came up to the most orthodox conception of that store-room for artistic lumber, besides being adorned with some fine pictures. The artist, Master Hagerty, plied his brush

with an industry that promises future eminence, while his blooming subjects, Misses Freeman and Gourley in their rich attire, formed a bright and pleasing picture far beyond any painting it has been our fortune to see.

"Playing Doctor," taken from Rogers' group of that name, was another art-picture, in which Miss Carrie Mades was the anxious mother, Willie Denis, the learned quack, and little Robbie Dailey, the sick child. This group better deserved the designation of "frozen life" than Rogers' plaster casts.

The dialogue, "An Axe to Grind," was well rendered by Masters Bryant and Scott whose memories must be good to reproduce without a miss so long a conversation. Its moral pointed out the potency of flattery, when used as a means to gain favor; and it was impressed and made interesting by the presence of a real axe and a real grind-stone.

The "Gipsy Camp" was a remarkably picturesque scene. Miss Leitner made a striking gipsy-maid, while Miss Weller no less faithfully represented the old crone, who, in the palm of Miss Ryan, was tracing out the destiny of the sentimental miss who had stolen to the camp to have her fortune told. Masters Clark and Frantz were fine specimens of those swarthy, good-for-nothing fellows who are the terror of thrifty country people.

The "Good Night" scene represented the motherly Miss Wells putting her babe to sleep and hearing the childish prayer of little Robbie Dailey, while sleepy Willy Bateman and Willie Kohl were being with difficulty undressed by their equally sleepy sister, Miss Sardo.

A CHANGE IN THE TIME FOR COMMENCEMENT.

THE traditional last Wednesday in June will henceforth be no more memorable as the Commencement Day of the College. The faculty have decided hereafter to have the exercises of the graduating class on the second Wednesday after Easter Sunday. This brings it about a week-and-a-half after the beginning of our summer term, and in the middle of April.

It is proposed to call this day "Presentation Day," for upon it those who are deserving will be presented to the Board of Directors as candidates for degrees; but the degrees themselves will not be conferred till the close of the term. All other exercises of Commencement Day, such as the delivery of orations by the graduates and the Alumni Dinner, will take place in April.

The degrees will be conferred publicly, on the last day of the summer term; and the planting of the class ivy and other class ceremonies will also take place then; and it is thought that day will become more distinctively a class-day than it has been heretofore.

The reasons for this change are, that the heat of the summer, combined with the worry and anxiety and hard work of examinations, and the writing of orations, tells too severely upon the poor fellows whose path to glory lies through this ordeal. Besides, the concentration of duties upon the President and Faculty, inseparable from the closing of the term, the examinations, and the balancing of the books for the quarter, make the exercises of Commencement Day very onerous; and the fact that many friends in the city and in Congress, who are absent in June, are here in April, has its weight, while the sultriness of June days has in the past retarded many who have been in town from coming out to the College to see us "splurge."

The Seniors will have their two weeks vacation in the interval between Easter and Presentation Day; and, after that glorification, they will have to "cotton down" to their studies again, like other mortal undergraduates, and pass the "grind" at the end of the term. This arrangement renders unnecessary a special examination for their benefit two weeks before the end, and thus removes much trouble.

THE Laboratory is going to rack and ruin. Wanted—A wash-boy. MRS. ANDREW BRADSHAW, Mrs. Fay's mother, is visiting her daughter.

UGH! The fines of the Reading Club amounted to \$1.05 for the last week.

A GENTLEMAN, named Ryan, recently deceased, left a legacy of \$5,000 to the Institution.

COLLECTIONS at the Sunday School Concert for January amounted to \$12.16. This is beginning the New Year well.

TUTOR.—"Into what does the Mississippi empty its waters?" Prep.—(After profound meditation) "Into the Amazon, sir." (Merry tableau.)

A PRIMARY boy, groaning with the bitterness of birch, asks: "Why will the Preps. dodge and let well-meant snow-balls smash the windows?"

A PROPOSITION to organize for some genuine games of foot-ball is an outgrowth of the rough play and "tall and lofty tumbling," incident to the few days of snow-balling which we have recently enjoyed.

PROFESSOR.—"What is light?" Student (anxiously)—"Light—is—is—I know—but—I have forgotten." Prof. (sarcastically)—"What a pity! Nobody but you ever knew what light is; and now you have forgotten!"

QUOTHS a Junior: Did Dante study Logic? If he did, why did he omit Logic in enumerating the Plagues of Purgatory? Doubtless, because he considered it a hard and unpalatable reality among the plagues of Junior year.

SEVERAL eminent ministers of the Gospel were present at our last Sunday School Concert, and two of them, Dr. Rankin, of Washington, and Rev. Mr. Powell, of New York, editor of *The Temperance Advocate*, addressed the school in a very interesting manner.

THAT Freshman, who, while exploring the chapel, captured a stray inkstand, is now mourning over a heap of inky papers, envelopes, etc. The inquisitive inquiries of visitors becoming unpleasant, he had stowed it away in his drawer with the above result. Moral: Beware of stray inkstands.

THE class of '76, although cut down to three by recent events, still enjoys the distinction of possessing the tallest and the shortest man in College. The contrast would be shocking if they had not a middle man in D. W. G., who, when they promenade, forms the connecting link, and keeps J. from feeling cut up by rendering the *let down* from T's height less abrupt.

THE Primary boys had a friendly bout at snow-balling with a baker's dozen of Preps, the other day, which ended in a very unfriendly manner indeed. Some of the boys could not appreciate the utter depravity of inclosing stones in their complimentary snow-pills before tossing them in a friendly way at an opponent's best front teeth, and ye Preps. naturally waxed wrath and "went for to put a head on 'em."

THE exemplary occupants of Room 10, whose method of furnishing their domicile by a fine of one cent for each infraction of a set of rules has already procured them a fine mantel clock and various household goods, now propose to sell all the articles so obtained at public auction, when the last one leaves College, and give the proceeds to the "Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes." That worthy object may expect quite an addition to its available funds about three years hence.

A CERTAIN student recently received the following touching lines from the darling of his heart:

"When you are sad and lonely,
And bitten by a flea,
Or tormented by a bed-bug,
Please think of me."

and is now seriously contemplating a dose of "cold pizen." We would gently hint a mustard plaster as a better remedy.

HATS have lately mysteriously disappeared from the rack in the vestibule near the entrance to the chapel and dining-room, and the bulletin board has, for a day or two, been covered with pathetic appeals to the better natures of the thieves: Here is the most comprehensive as a specimen: NORISH.—Say dar! dem friendly jokers as hid our hats will make us ebbor so tankful ef dey wood just gib dem back to us, or stick up a poster sayin' whar dey hab hid dem; we will cotch cold, shore. —Yooors, trooly,—*Sebboral Hatless Fellahs*.

JOHN SMITH, whose advent to the Primary Department we mentioned recently, has a history. He was ward-room boy on the United States monitor *Mahopac* until it became unseaworthy, and then he was transferred to the ship *New Hampshire*, where he served until he was taken sick with typhoid fever which resulted in his deafness. As illustrating naval discipline, he relates that once, when nine years old, he was caught smuggling grog in his stocking to a sailor who had persuaded him to do it, and was punished by being imprisoned for five days in the black hole and allowed nothing to eat but bread and water. How would some of our bad boys like that?

INSTITUTION NEWS.

MARYLAND.

THE pupils arrived here on the fifth, and school opened on the 6th ult. Most of the pupils enjoyed the holidays to their hearts' content, but for some of them they were anything but pleasant. Three of them lost their mothers, and one his father during their brief stay at home, and came back with sad hearts.

The officers and pupils who remained here during the holidays were surprised by a party of masqueraders on Christmas evening. They brought a band with them, and all refused to speak a word. After executing a variety of artistic and fantastic dances which convulsed the spectators and elicited their admiration, they departed as silently and mysteriously as they came.

Mr. Hill, who received the appointment of principal to the Institution at Romney, West Va., has decided not to accept. So he remains here.

INDIANA.

ABOUT 9 o'clock Monday evening Jan. 12, inmates of this Institution discovered clouds of smoke issuing from a room occupied by one of the teachers, Miss Crabb. An immediate search was instituted, and upon opening the closet door all that was combustible on the inside was found to be in flames. The officers were at once notified, and by turning the hose with which the Institution is supplied, the blaze was extinguished without calling out the fire department. For a few moments the situation was very alarming, as there were nearly two hundred children in the building, and had the flames spread before they could be brought under control, loss of life would have been almost inevitable. Miss Crabb's wardrobe was entirely consumed, and yesterday the teachers astonished that lady by presenting her with about \$100 with which to partially replace it.

It is supposed that the fire was caused by the contents of a box of Christmas presents, which had been placed in the closet, igniting spontaneously, as the flames evidently originated there. No other reason can be assigned.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

ALABAMA.

SOME time last summer two teachers of the Alabama Institution, one of the Georgia Institution, and two farmers, one of Cave Spring, Ga., and the other from near Rome, took a trip to the Black Creek Falls, near Gadsden, Alabama, and about forty-eight miles from Cave Spring, Ga. They provided themselves with a wagon drawn by two horses and set out in gay spirits. They expected to find deer, turkeys and squirrels to shoot, but were disappointed, and fruit was also scarce. They got along very well however on watermelon diet. Many of the people they met could neither read nor write, and they had to depend upon natural signs. People were very curious to know if deaf-mutes could travel, and expressed their surprise when they were told how much most of the party had travelled over the country.

The first night they camped out and suffered much from mosquito bites and fear of horse-thieves; but the morning sun found their horses safe, and their faces considerably damaged by the insects.

Reaching the Falls they felt themselves well repaid for their trip, for they had a view of a fall 100 feet high, and about 150 yards wide, curved in the form of a horse shoe, and romantically situated in a rocky gorge. Some of the party had seen Niagara, and thought, although this was smaller, it surpassed the great cataract in wild and picturesque beauty.

The party had a splendid bath in the dashing spray of the Falls; drank their fill of sulphur water from a spring near; carved their names on the rocks; and clambered over the ledges, gathering moss for the wife and mother of the principal of the Alabama Institution. The capacity of the different members of the party for sulphur water varied greatly, from the half-a-cup of him who drank the least to the seven cups of the one who drank the most.

While gathering moss one of the party had quite an adventure. He saw some moss on a ledge on the face of the precipice and descended and gathered it. Trying to return he found it was impossible, and had to remain on the ledge till his companions brought a ladder from a neighboring farm-house and released him.

The party remained at the Falls one night, and were considerably frightened during the night by a pig which had found its way under the barn floor on which they slept. The next day they took some more sulphur water and viewed the country from the top of a neighboring mountain, and then hurried home, where they arrived just in time to escape a terrific thunder-storm.

W. M. P.

On the 24th of December our school was dismissed for the Christmas vacation of a week. On Thursday night we had a large tree in the second story of our shop, which was well loaded with gifts. These were distributed among the pupils and teachers.

On Monday evening we received an invitation from Mr. White to attend an entertainment given by the blind. They were quite successful.

The next night some tableaux were given by Messrs. Brundage, Storey, Stephens, Davidson and Shackelford, and Miss Lizzie Brown. The officers, the gentlemen and ladies from the town, and the pupils were much delighted with the performance.

Mr. Johnson paid a flying visit to his mother in Georgia recently. Some of the pupils who went to their homes to meet "Santa Claus" enjoyed the holidays very much. One of them, "Osceola," received a great gift from the tree at his home. It was a very fine colt about seven months old. "Good for Osce!"

Mrs. S. M. James has tendered her resignation after having been connected with the Alabama Institution for a long time. She has been the matron of the New York, Michigan and Mississippi Institutions. She left for Cuba Station, Ala., last night. DONNIE.
Talladega, Jan. 6th, 1874.

MICHIGAN.

IN this Institution we had a real merry Christmas. We had three trees in our chapel which were loaded down with over two hundred and fifty presents, and illuminated by countless tapers, which "looked like stars in the sky, and the effect was beyond description," as one of our pupils wrote in his letter home. About one hundred dollars were drawn for this purpose from the \$2,000 appropriation made for books, and amusements, a mention of which was made in a recent number of THE SILENT WORLD. Presents among ourselves swelled the cost of the Christmas trees to two hundred dollars.

The whole affair showed prudence and taste on the part of Santa Claus who condescended to put in his grotesque appearance to the gratification of all who were present in the chapel. His Saintship managed to make a short address in which he took occasion to remark that he had never tasted intoxicating liquors in his prolonged life of 280 winters. Then sitting down on two chairs to rest himself, he took a survey of the audience, his bosom heaving over a large heart (a pillow) full of feathery love for little children, while they eagerly waited to receive their presents. They would eagerly jump up and hold out their hands to receive them when their names were spelled. The presents varied according to age and intelligence of the children, and consisted of knives, writing-desks, pocket-books (empty these hard times,) books, neck-ties, bracelets, ear-drops, brushes, &c. The little children received dolls and toys. Besides these every one in the chapel, over 200, was the recipient of a muslin bag of candies. The three trees, one of which reached to the lofty ceiling of the chapel, are still standing there in their elegant stands and native dignity. Here and there on them can be seen gilt wooden balls—not nutmegs. The other day one of the little boys said to another, "How I do wish to eat all of those candy balls!"

There was an incident that should not escape our notice. It was the presentation of a large photograph of this beautiful edifice by our pupils to his Excellency, Gov. J. J. Bagley, "as a slight token of their appreciation of his interest in their school—not as the Governor, but as their friend." The picture was neatly framed by one of our boys. After a few days the pupils had the gratification of reading a genuine gubernatorial letter, thanking them for the Christmas present.

QUITSEY.

SCOTLAND.

ON Sunday, the 26th of Nov., services for the deaf and dumb were formally opened by the Rev. Geo. C. Hutton, of Canal Street, U. P. Church, at Paisley, Scotland. He gave a short and excellent sermon to the deaf-mutes by the finger-alphabet. Mr. Thomas Dalrymple, a mute, who succeeded him, explained the Scriptures, and the meeting dispersed at a quarter past 6 o'clock. These services have not been held for three years, since the death of Mr. John Mitchell, who was a teacher of the deaf and dumb of Paisley for many years. The Rev. Mr. Hutton takes a deep interest in the deaf and dumb of Paisley, and they feel grateful to him for kindly giving them the use of the hall connected with his church for divine worship on Sunday night.

The Rev. G. C. Hutton is a brother of J. Scott Hutton, principal of the Halifax Institution.

ONTARIO.

CHRISTMAS is looked forward to with great expectations by the pupils of this Institution, for what with their Christmas trees, and Christmas dinner, and pantomime, and other amusements, the children of silence have a happy time. Yesterday a half-dozen of us looked in upon the pupils as they were at dinner, and it was a sight worth seeing. The tables, which covered the entire floor of the large dining hall, were filled with the best of Christmas cheer. Before commencing their meal the principal, Dr. Palmer, talked to them a few minutes, and although it was all Greek to us, the bright countenances of his auditory and hearty laughter and clapping of hands, showed that there was much in what he said. Professor Coleman then invoked the Divine

blessing, and it was not long after before the substantialists began to disappear and a general clearance was made, and then came plum pudding, without which a Christmas dinner would not be complete. The manner in which this was disposed of showed that the children were, physically speaking, in excellent trim and condition. The dinner was eaten in silence, but there was something eloquent in that silence which to an observer spoke louder than words. There was jollity in their countenances, and fun sparkled from their eyes, which told of happy and joyous hearts.

A Christmas pantomime, given on the 26th, was a rich and rare treat. The large dining hall, being the largest assembly room in the building, was used for the occasions, and this was completely packed long before the hour for the entertainment to commence. But, like the omnibus, it was never full. By still closer packing, using every available spot on the floor and on the window-sills, and bringing into requisition all kinds and forms of seats, the polite officials of the Institution managed to provide some sort of accommodation for the great majority of those who attended. Still some had to satisfy their curiosity by peering through the windows, and others to get the fun second-hand by watching the countenances of those who had favorable positions. The stage had been fitted up at the northern end of the hall, and was so arranged that a good view could be had from all parts of the hall. The scenery, which was specially prepared for this entertainment, was painted by Professor Ackermann, the efficient drawing master of the Institution, and was well executed. Before the curtain was lifted, Dr. Palmer, the worthy principal, made a few remarks, giving a hearty welcome, on behalf of the officers and pupils of the Institution, to those assembled, and extended to them the compliments of the season. He announced that the play was called "Jocko, or the Brazilian Ape," but beyond that the scene was laid on a Brazilian plantation and that there would be lots of fun, he could say nothing as he had not seen the performance. The whole management was under Prof. Greene, who has exhibited a remarkable degree of talent and genius in providing these plays, and in his own peculiar character is perfectly imitable. All the performers, with one exception, were deaf-mutes, and the almost perfect manner in which they performed their parts, not only showed that they were apt pupils, but that they had an excellent teacher. We have neither time nor space to give the plot or its leading characteristics, nor could any description do it justice. It must be seen to be properly appreciated. As a clown Prof. Greene excelled any of his former performances. Mr. Robert Wallbridge as "Jocko" was a capital character, and his representations would have received hearty applause in the best theatres of New York. The Grand Turk, the Servant Girl, the negroes, ghosts, small boys and waiters were all good, and for two hours the company were kept in remarkable good humor. The pupils of the Institution, for whom the entertainment of course was specially got up, enjoyed it hugely, and in looking at their happy countenances, and bright sparkling eyes, the spectator could not refrain from blessing the founders of such benevolent institutions, and be thankful that at our very doors the means are afforded for giving light and knowledge, and joy and happiness, to so many hearts and homes, where heretofore the darkness of Ignorance and the night of Despair had settled.—*Belle-ville Intelligencer.*

Deaf, dumb, and blind!
O God! but it is hard!—
No light! no sound!
Darkness more deep than night,
And silence as profound as though the grave
Had closed above the living, struggling form,
While neither speech nor glance proves reason reigns
Triumphant on her throne. —A. A. F.

MARRIED.

HICKS—WILLETS.—On the 21st of January, 1874, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the ceremony of the Friends', GILBERT HICKS to AMELIA, daughter of Wm. P. Willets, of Roslyn, L. I. Both are graduates of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes. The groom is vice-president of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes. The happy couple have our best wishes for much happiness.

DIED.

At Kirklín, Indiana, on Friday, January 16, Miss KATE WILLIAMS. Miss Williams graduated from the Indiana Institution in 1870, ranking first in a class of five, and was immediately called to assume the duties of teacher. This position she filled very successfully for two years, but in the fall of 1872 she was compelled to resign on account of ill-health. Since then she has continued to grow weaker, her disease, consumption, failing to yield to medical skill. She was for some time a valued correspondent of THE SILENT WORLD.

THE FORTNIGHT.

CHICAGO has had another fire. Loss \$600,000.

Japan still hesitates about opening its ports freely to foreigners.

Andrew Johnson, Ex-President of the United States, has become a Granger.

The whole number of postal cards disposed of so far, by orders from postmasters and otherwise, is nearly 100,000,000.

Mayor Havemeyer's message, just issued, shows the debt of New York City to be \$106,271,953, an increase since 1871 of \$9,084,428.

There was recently a very large fire in Yeddo, Japan, by which a very large area of the wealthiest part of the town was destroyed.

We never did like bald-headed men, and when Deacon Smith gets up in meeting and says that the hairs of his head are numbered we submit that he is trifling with a sacred subject.

By the explosion of the gas-works of a knitting-mill in Bennington, Vermont, on the 20th ult., nine women were killed, many other persons injured and the mill destroyed by fire.

There is a strike among the miners of anthracite coal at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, because they wish their pay increased 10 per cent. This will, perhaps, make the price of coal still higher.

The Spanish government troops have captured Cartagena, which they have been besieging so long. One of the insurgent vessels succeeded in escaping with the members of the Junta to an African port where they delivered the ship up to the authorities.

While a coal train, on the Castle Shannon Railroad, was passing over a bridge 105 feet high, near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, a wheel broke and the entire train, with the exception of the locomotive and two cars, was thrown into the river below. One brakeman and a boy were killed.

The Spanish iron-clad *Arapiles*, which has for sometime been undergoing repairs in New York, is a large, unwieldy ship and has met with numberless accidents from striking on reefs and sunken piers in the harbor. Her expenditures in New York for repairs, &c., are nearly \$90,000.

The tracks of the Pennsylvania, and Morris and Essex rail-ways run side by side over the meadows between New York and Newark, and the engineers race their trains when two happen to be passing at the same time. On such occasions the speed is not less than fifty miles an hour.

An illuminated cross is to surmount the spire of St. Malachi's Church in Cleveland. It will be the only one in the United States, and is to be lighted up on special occasions. The steeple is 243 feet high, and we would pity the lamplighter, only that the lighting is to be done by electricity.

Congress has passed a bill which reduces the salaries of members to \$5,500 per year—the same as it was before the "salary-grab" bill was passed last Spring. The pay of the President and the judges of the Supreme Court remains at the advanced figure, and every one appears to think this is just, for the pay of the judges, especially, was before very small.

A company has been organized to introduce Canadian meats into England, and specimens of it have been exhibited at Liverpool. It was killed two days before the vessel sailed from Montreal, and was then frozen and stored in a cool, dry place on board, with the most satisfactory result, it proving so perfectly fresh that it had the appearance of having been killed only a few days previously.

Shortly after the Boston fire, the employees of a large firm in that city, of their own motion, proposed a reduction of salaries. Their generous offer was accepted. Since then the business of the firm has prospered, and last week the partners presented each of their clerks with a check for the full amount of the pay surrendered, and announced that all the salaries has been put back to the old figures.

A French periodical states that the sale of artificial eyes in Paris amounts to four hundred a week. The principal place of sale is a handsome saloon, where the man-servant has but one eye, and customers wishing to buy first judge of the effect of the artificial eye by placing it in the man's empty socket. The best made eyes command a high price; but poor folks can be fitted with second-hand eyes on what are called "reasonable terms." The demand for artificial eyes is much greater than would commonly be supposed; and large numbers are exported to India, and even to the Sandwich Islands.

A KANSAS preacher has had his salary increased \$50 a year for thrashing three men who disturbed his congregation.

One of the balloons which was sent up from Paris during its siege by the Germans, freighted with letters and despatches, has recently been found in a tree at Nadir, South Africa. If the balloon travelled in a straight line from Paris, it went five thousand miles; but if it wandered about before finally alighting the distance traversed was much greater. And as the buoyancy of these mail balloons lasts but a short time it must have gone over the distance in a few hours.

The new State House at Hartford will be one of the showiest public buildings in New England. It is to be of marble, in the modern Gothic style of architecture. It is 300 feet long, 250 feet in height, and 200 feet wide. It is to be adorned with figures and other ornaments, and when completed will have cost not far from two millions of dollars. Connecticut will celebrate the Centennial by the meeting of the General Assembly in May, 1876. The building was designed by Mr. Upjohn.

While rowing on the river near Savannah, Ga., two men saw the body of a negro at the bottom. They drew it up, put it in their boat, and started for the shore. They had gone but a short distance when they found another body, and still others, until the boat was loaded. They took the ghastly cargo to the shore and returned for another load. Altogether thirteen corpses were recovered. It was afterward learned that a boat full of negroes had overturned further up the river and all the occupants drowned.

The great cities of the United States stand relatively in the following order regarding exports and imports: Exports—New York, \$313,000,000; New Orleans, 104,000,000; San Francisco, \$30,000,000; Philadelphia, \$34,000,000; Savannah, \$32,000,000, and Boston, \$27,000,000. Imports—New York, \$426,000,000; Boston, \$68,000,000; San Francisco, \$39,000,000; Baltimore, \$29,000,000, and Philadelphia, \$25,000,000. Philadelphia stands fourth in exports and fifth in imports.

Nothing, says Elisee Reclus, can convey a more impressive idea of the power of water as a general agent than the wonderful canons of Mexico, Texas, and the Rocky mountains, where the torrent may be seen rushing along, through the incision it has cut for itself in the hard rock, at a depth of several thousand feet between perpendicular walls. The greatest of these canons, that of Colorado, is 298 miles in length, and its sides rise perpendicularly to a height of 5,000 or 6,000 feet.

There have been disturbances in Texas lately, which have resulted in the death of many persons. The disturbers are robbers and outlaws of a desperate character. A few days since while a wedding party was in progress at the residence of Isidor, Patross, a gang of desperadoes surrounded the house, burst in the doors and windows, and began an indiscriminate firing upon the men, women, and children assembled. Six men were killed on the spot, and four women seriously, perhaps mortally wounded.

About three miles from Mattoon, Ill, is a gas-well which furnishes its owner, Mr. Champion, with gas enough to light a whole city. Sometime ago he bored for water and found none. On withdrawing his drills a powerful stream of carburetted hydrogen gas rushed up. After satisfying himself that it would burn and was inexhaustible he had gas-fixtures placed in his house and barn and established connections, and now does all his heating, lighting and cooking by gas. He has not bought a stick of wood, nor a piece of coal, nor a candle for over two years. A neighbor of his has also just struck the underground gas-works, and they talk of supplying the surrounding towns with gas at a low price.

Mr. Caleb Cushing's nomination for Chief Justice, was indignantly received by most people, because Mr. Cushing, during his career, has shown himself to be a man of little principle; and at the commencement of our civil war, gave expression to disloyal thoughts. Nobody denies that he is an able lawyer, but, having once been disloyal, it is not seemly that the country should honor him thus. President Grant, at his request, finally withdrew the nomination. Mr. Waite, a native of Connecticut and a resident of Ohio, has since been nominated and confirmed, and so the vexatious question has been settled. Mr. Waite is an able lawyer who took part in our case before the Geneva Commission and there made the learned lawyers of Europe think well of him for his clear and comprehensive knowledge of law.